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On Campus with Max Shulman

(Author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and "Barefoot Boy With Cheek.")

1964: YEAR OF DECISION

Well sir, here we go into 1964, which shows every sign of being *quite a distinguished year. First off, it is the only year since* 1954 which ends with the Figure 4. Of course, when it comes to Figure 4's, 1964, though distinguished, can hardly compare with 1444 which, most people agree, had not just one, not just two, but *three* Figure 4's! This, I'll wager, is a record that will stand for at least a thousand years!

1444 was, incidentally, notable for many other things. It was, for example, the year in which the New York Giants played the Philadelphia Athletics in the World Series. As we all know, the New York Giants have since moved to San Francisco and the Philadelphia Athletics to Kansas City. There is a movement afoot at present to move Chicago to Phoenix—the city, not the baseball team. Phoenix, in turn, would of course move to Chicago. It is felt that the change would be broadening for residents of both cities. Many Chicago folks, for example, have never seen an iguana. Many Phoenix folks, on the other hand, have never seen a frostbite.

There are, of course, certain difficulties connected with a municipal shift of this size. For instance, to move Chicago you also have to move Lake Michigan. This, in itself, presents no great problem, what with modern scientific advances like electronics and the French cuff. But if you will look at your map, you will find Lake Michigan is attached to all the other Great Lakes, which in turn are attached to the St. Lawrence Seaway, which in turn is attached to the Atlantic Ocean. You start dragging Lake Michigan to Phoenix and, willy-nilly, you'll be dragging all that other stuff too. This would make our British allies terribly cross, and I can't say as I blame them. *Put yourself in their place. What if, for example, you were a* British costermonger who had been saving and scrimping all *year for a summer* holiday at Brighton Beach, and then when you got to Brighton Beach there wasn't any ocean? There you'd be with your inner tube and snorkel and nothing to do all day but dance the Lambeth Walk. This, you must agree, would not help make you NATO-minded!

I appeal most earnestly to the residents of Chicago and Phoenix to reconsider. I know it's no bowl of cherries going through life without ever seeing an iguana or a frostbite, but I ask you—Chicagoans, Phoenicians—is it too big a price to pay for preserving the unity of the free world?

I feel sure that if you search your hearts, you will make the right decision, for all of us—whether we live in frostbitten Chicago, iguana-infested Phoenix, or narrow-lapelled New Haven—are first and foremost Americans!

But I digress. We were speaking of 1964, our new year. And new it is! There is, for one thing, new pleasure in Marlboro Cigarettes. How, you ask, can there be new pleasure in Marlboros when that fine flavorful blend of tobaccos, that clean efficient Selectrate filter, have not been altered? The answer is simple: each time you light a Marlboro, it is like the first time. The flavor is such that age cannot wither nor custom stale. Marlboro never palls, never jades, never dwindles into dull routine. Each puff, each cigarette, each pack, each carton, makes you glad all over again that you are a Marlboro smoker!

Therefore, Marlboros in hand, let us march confidently into 1964. May good fortune attend our ventures! May serenity reign! May Chicago and Phoenix soon recover from their disappointment and join our bright cavalcade into a brave tomorrow!

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We, the makers of Marlboros, available in soft pack or flip-top box in all fifty states of the Union, wish to join Old Max in extending good wishes for a happy and peaceful 1964.

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